Finanzamt für Zwischenmenschliche Angelegenheiten
(Tax Office for Interpersonal Affairs) Datum: August 18, 2026

Subject of assessment: Frank
Age: [AGE]
Height: [HEIGHT]

Assessment period: ongoing
Residence: [CITY], Germany
Tax bracket: I – single, but open to change

Bescheid über die gesonderte Feststellung eines Frank

(Official Notice of Assessment of One Frank)

issued *subject to review* – because you should verify all of this in person

A note before we begin: yes, this is formatted as a German tax notice. I work in tax, I find the aesthetic funny, and it is the most honest possible warning about what you're dealing with. Everything below, however, is true.

I. The Person (Feststellungen zur Person)

The road here was not straight, but it was consistent. I got into technology young, the way engineers usually do: I liked it and never stopped to question it. Halfway through my Bachelor's I knew the honest answer would eventually be *no* – and I finished the Master's anyway, with a specialization in cryptography and a published security paper, because I finish what I start. The Master's led me into patent law, patent law led me into law itself, and law led me to a discovery: German tax law is the exact point where my two educations meet – a legal system rigorous enough to be treated as engineering. So that's what I do now. I work in a tax firm and I'm training to become a *Steuerberater*, a certified tax advisor – a protected title that takes years of practice and a final exam famous mostly for the people who don't pass it. Three fields tested, one kept, nothing wasted. Not drifting – converging.

The geography was a journey too. Before settling, I spent ten years across Munich, Leuven (Belgium) and St. Gallen (Switzerland) – my own small grand tour through three countries. So when I say I've chosen to live where I live, it's an informed decision: I'm not someone who stayed home because he never saw the alternatives. I saw them, liked several, and chose home anyway.

Findings on character (line 42 of the form):

Item	Finding
Temperament	"The calm, analytical one" – per unanimous witness testimony of friends. Listens first, speaks when it counts.
Humor	Dry, deadpan, Rhineland-honest. You are currently holding the evidence.
Directness	I say what I mean; you will never have to decode me.
Reliability	I read contracts before signing. All of them. Also the footnotes.
Planning	Long-term, written down, occasionally with spreadsheets.

Two footnotes on temperament. My social circle is small by design and warm in practice – I invest deeply in a few people rather than thinly in many; anyone who mistakes that for being antisocial has never been one of the few. And while I am typically German in some respects (the punctuality is real), I am noticeably more spontaneous than most of my countrymen – I credit the ADHD, which I consider one of my more entertaining features.

II. A Day in the Assessment Period (Tagesablauf)

Since a document like this should tell you what life next to me actually looks like:

Morning. Coffee first, then conversation – in that order, strictly. I am not unfriendly before the first cup; I am simply not yet in service.

Day. The tax office: client files, payroll, property valuations, the occasional legal puzzle that is genuinely elegant once you see it. People assume tax work is boring. It is, the way chess is boring.

Feierabend. This word has no real English translation, and that alone tells you something about Germany. It means the moment the working day formally *ends* – not pauses, ends – and the evening becomes yours. Mine has a rhythm: training (weights or a run – the gym for structure, the road for thinking), then cooking. No fixed cuisine; quality is the only rule I follow in the kitchen. Later usually an hour or two of study or one of my own projects, because the advisor exam is years away and I intend to arrive early.

Evening. The *Spaziergang* – the walk. Not to get somewhere. Germans walk as an activity in itself: to think, to digest, to end the day properly. I keep this ritual and can defend it against any counterargument.

Sunday. Kept deliberately quiet: a book, a project, proper coffee, a board game if there's company. *Sonntagsruhe* – Sunday rest – is actually enforced here; shops close, noise is frowned upon, the country collectively exhales. I consider this one of our better inventions.

Holidays. I was raised traveling across Europe, and my compass still points reliably south, toward the sea. Lately I want more of that again – and other continents aren't off the map either. Visiting is a joy; where I live is settled.

III. Where I Live, and Why I Stay (Wohnsitz)

I am a convinced European. My plans, my career, the apartment I intend to own, and essentially everything I find interesting have European coordinates. This is settled and it will not change – I say that plainly because it's fairer than letting you find out later.

Here is the part I actually want to explain. People abroad often picture Germany as an economy with a flag: cars, salaries, order, punctual trains. (Two of those four are real.) The wealth exists, but it is the side effect, not the point. What I would actually introduce you to is quieter and, I think, better: the Feierabend, the Sunday that truly stops, the evening walk, bread that is taken seriously, a culture that builds rest into the system instead of making you earn it by exhaustion.

And within Germany, my corner is its own species. I'm a born *Rheinländer* – someone from the Rhineland, which locals will tell you is a personality type, not a geography. It is the open-minded, multicultural, colourful part of the country: the part that talks to strangers. Its crowning proof is *Karneval*, and since you've likely never heard of it: for several days each year, the entire region puts on costumes, sings, dances and collectively refuses to take anything seriously – an entire society scheduling official silliness, and executing it punctually. I don't drink, which makes me a statistical anomaly there, but I love it, I wear a costume every year, and no, I will not tell you in advance what this year's is.

My family here is small but warm – quality over quantity apparently runs in the family. For practical purposes: I operate in German, English and French. Languages come easily to me, and for the love of my life, I would gladly learn a fourth.

IV. What I'm Looking For (Antrag auf Zusammenveranlagung)

German tax law reserves its single greatest benefit for couples who file jointly. Consider this my formal declaration of openness to joint assessment with a suitable co-declarant. Specifically:

- **Intelligence that holds my attention.** Under § 7 of the income tax act, most assets depreciate on a fixed schedule. Looks are on that schedule; wit is not. I invest accordingly – I want conversations at seventy that are better than the ones at thirty.
- **A living inner child.** Mine shows up as wordplay, board games, wide-eyed curiosity and honest, childlike excitement about small good things. Life is better next to people who never lost that. I've checked.

- **Your own two feet.** Wealth is not required; standing on them is. Two solvent, self-supporting people make one good joint filing.
- **Curiosity and directness.** You have something you care about – a craft, a field, an obsession – and you can talk about it with lit-up eyes. And you say what you mean, because I will.

On children: no application filed, no deadline set. If it happens naturally in a later assessment period, no objection will be raised. No pressure in either direction – from me or, please, toward me.

V. How to Respond (Rechtsbehelfsbelehrung)

Against this notice, the remedy of **Einspruch** (objection) is admissible. It must be filed via Bumble within one month of notification and requires no specific form; "your bio made me laugh" is fully sufficient. Objections raising substantive questions – about the career turn, the ten years abroad, or whether tax people can be interesting (we can, the good ones) – will be processed with priority.

Im Auftrag – Frank
This assessment remains subject to review: everything above is to be verified over coffee.